



The Dust of Man



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Chapter 1 by Rainyday

The absence of optimism hung over me like a dark heavy fog the night I betrayed my captor, my abuser, my teacher, my lover. There was no way for me to go now. I looked to the left then right, then ahead of me. I couldn't bare to look behind me and all that lay around me seemed meaningless. Any way I headed offered a future without him.

But why did I want the man who stole me from the safety of the only home I knew? Maybe because now the sleepy town of Cricket Hollow would never be the same. The small community college where I met him can never be anything but the farce he opened my eyes to see it as. Even now when I pictured my home town it appeared in my mind in black and white as if it was an out dated dishonest show from the 50's where everyone was so wholesome and everything was so perfect that it could have only existed inside a television set.

My wrist and ankles still bore signs of the ropes that had once bound them for 2 straight days. I flashed back to the a memory of the moment he so tenderly untied the bondage around my wrists, and how very pure and beautiful he looked in the dim light of the cheap hotel. A look of regret and uncertainty and passion on his face. Always passion was there in his face. His

purpose was real nobody could deny that and I could not help but to admire his diligence and resolve to right a most certain wrong. But he was not without passion and not enough rationality.

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could not possibly understand. I hadn't understood for the 1st 2 days even hours and hours of his preaching and ranting. Not until I saw with my own eyes and felt with my own being the injustice he was experiencing at the hand of the very people assigned to protect him.

East, West, South it all meant nothing. I found the courage to look behind me and allowed the thought to enter my mind- Is it too late to turn back now?

Chapter 2 by Rainyday



Cold and shivering even in the stifling humidity of the south at night. The chirping of frogs and crickets sounded in my ears from the nearby bog. I can't even say for sure what state I was in much less what road I had just come upon or where the nearest telephone was along this road.

Mosquitoes were already making a meal of me and from what I knew about the south there could be crocodiles lurking very near to the swampy waters a stones throw away. It seemed to illuminate to my right. Headlights appeared around the bend.

I ducked. "What the fuck?" I thought to myself. What the fuck did I just do. God knows when the next car will mosey down this lonely stretch of a forgotten highway. But I knew why I ducked. I couldn't do this. Not to him. Not when he needed me like he did.

I turned and followed my foot steps turned puddles back to the secluded broken down shit-hole of a motel. To return to my captor. To see this through whether it makes me an accomplice or not. I will see this to the end, even if the end means death. For once I am going to do something that means something. This matters, I know it does. The people have a right, no, a need to know what's going on. I will do what's right.

Chapter 3 by Sarah



I stopped out side the door. Am I making the right decision? Should I enter, truly go back to the one person who took me away? I took a deep, shuddering breath. Yes. Believe it or not, I may

actually, love him. I knocked on the door, three short taps. He answered it, a frown on his face. "Your back." He said, relief in his voice. "See more of Story Wars"

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Chapter 4 by Rainyday

I shivered. "You knew I was gone? I thought you were asleep." I now felt the sting of regret. I may have made the wrong decision coming back. What will he do to me knowing I nearly abandoned him.

"Shhh" he soothed. "Go get changed into something dry and warm" he pointed to the bathroom. "God you are shaking." he grabbed both of my arms and looked me straight in the eyes, silent for a moment.

Yep, I thought to myself. Big mistake. "Do not fear me Kinsey." I always kind of liked him calling me by my last name. It felt military and respectable in a masculine way. Though the look he gave me now did not make me feel very masculine. My breathing deepened. "I will NEVER hurt you. You can leave me now or you can leave me tomorrow, I swear to you, you are free to go. In fact I think you would be making the wise decision to leave me now. I don't want you to go, but I don't want you getting hurt. And this will not end well for me. I am in no way worth dying for." I witnessed there in him a fragile, gentleness I never knew existed in him.

"Your cause is worth dying for" I returned the intensity of his gaze chest heaving now not from fear or anxiety, but something else entirely. No I certainly can never go back to the cookie cut world i came from. I can no longer live without pain with out truth or passion... without him. "You are worth living for."

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